

TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE

Free Saturday

...the first in over a month
I vowed to sleep late
and de-stress
read a book
write a poem
find myself between lines

I woke early
a little anxious
couldn't focus on reading
wandered into the garden
to drift from pond to tree to plant
trimming excess growth
overgrown branches
skim algae from the surface

Late afternoon,
picked out of season peaches
left them to ripen on a glass table
along with this poem.

Deb Matthews-Zott

Deb Matthews-Zott. 'Free Saturday.'
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